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## MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE<sup>1</sup>

GENERAL CHARLES KING

UNIVERSITY COMMANDANT

Edwin E. Bryant, one of the most cultured men I had ever met, was then adjutant general of Wisconsin. In the summer of 1880 we had a great reunion of Wisconsin volunteers of the Civil War, with Generals Grant and Sheridan prominent among the guests. The University Battalion, with the two Madison companies of state militia, came in and took part in the parade, and with them, as battalion commander, came Chandler P. Chapman of Madison, whom I had last seen as a lad of apparently about my own age, in the camp of the Sixth Wisconsin at Chain Bridge, in '61, his father being surgeon of that regiment. With them, too, in the University Battalion, was Allan Conover, who had succeeded Professor Nicodemus as head of the department of civil engineering at the University, and most unwillingly had fallen heir to the duties of military instructor. The laws of the United States required of all colleges and universities availing themselves of the Agricultural College Act of 1862, tendering large grants of public lands, that they should give, as *quid pro quo*, regular instruction in military tactics, etc., and it is safe to say that regents, faculty, and most of the students had come to regard this department of the University as an unmitigated nuisance. If it had a friend in the University it was Professor Conover, who, because of it, had double work and no thanks.

I was sore at heart over having to leave my regiment and the profession I loved, but beside that wreck of a sword arm, the seat of frequent and sometimes intense pain, I had found it impossible to provide for my family on the pay of a lieutenant, with the heavy costs of moving from station to

<sup>1</sup> The first installment of these recollections was printed in the March, 1922 issue of this magazine.—Editor.

station, as we had been compelled to do. I felt that I must get into civil pursuits of some kind. I knew something of railway engineering and loved it, and Mr. Alexander Mitchell, president of the St. Paul Railway, and his great chief engineer, Don Whittemore, were willing to give me a start, but for some reason the matter hung fire. There was an obstacle which I could not discover, and at last it proved to be the general manager. It leaked out that he didn't want any "kid-gloved West Pointer" on the road. It was late in the summer, too late to try the Northern Pacific, where they had West Pointers and had found them valuable, and just then came the adjutant general, Bryant, asking me to visit Madison and look over the situation at the University. A similar request had come from two other western colleges or schools, but I wanted to try railway engineering.

Bryant took me to see the head of the executive committee of the Board of Regents, Mr. E. W. Keyes, who was bluff and cordial. I frankly told him I could not undertake the duties unless I could be assured that the University would make up the difference between my full and retired pay, a matter of only \$600. He said it could not be done until the January meeting of the Board, but that then there would be no difficulty about it. We called on the President,<sup>2</sup> who seemed rather bored at being interrupted, but supposed the drills, as he said, would have to be kept up, only he wished to have no "friction"—that appeared to be the bugbear. The only man really interested in my coming was Allan Conover. He said in proper hands the military department could be a valuable adjunct to the general system of the University. It could be the means of teaching the student respect for authority as well as habits of neatness, promptitude, etc. I called on two or three elderly dons of the institution who had known my father and whom I

<sup>2</sup> John Bascom, D.D., LL.D., president of the University of Wisconsin from 1874 to 1887.—Editor.

had known when as a little boy I had visited Madison with him. They were courteous, but rather apathetic; they were averse to military training. The nation had seen enough of war to last it a century, and it would never again, said they, be so foolish as to take up arms unless absolutely compelled to do so, in which event we would rely as before on the patriotism of the people. How often we have had to listen to that same line of talk in the long years that followed!

The result of my visit to Madison was that I came away convinced that in University circles the military department was looked upon as a detriment and I determined to go back there and show that it was not.

It was uphill work from the start. The government, as I have said, had enacted that instruction in military tactics should be part of the regular instruction in every college or university that accepted the big bonus of public land under the terms of the Agricultural College Act of 1862, but no inspector had ever been sent about to see that it was done, and the matter had fallen into disregard. When military instruction was first started at the University of Wisconsin, being a new toy it began with some enthusiasm, but the monotony of the drills soon told against it, and little by little it lapsed into disrepute. The regents even passed over the government allowance of fine cadet rifles, such as were used at West Point, with all the concomitant equipment, to a little country college up at Galesville. Then somebody woke up to the fact that the University had practically repudiated its agreement with the War Department, and an effort was made to revive an interest in military instruction. The state legislature passed an act providing that the University could have the use of such "obsolete arms" and equipment as were in its storehouse. The result was that the University found itself in possession of some old Civil War muskets, calibre fifty-eight, which had been

remodeled by the unique process of driving a steel tube down the bore, rifling that, and producing a heavy, cumbersome arm, far more weighty and much less efficient than that used by the regular service. With these guns went a supply of old, bulky cartridge boxes of the Civil War period, and a set of rusty waist belts with leathern bayonet scabbards. It was as antique an outfit as ever I set eyes on.

I called on the President and represented the inadequacy of this equipment. He said he didn't know anything about it, and obviously he didn't care. The chairman of the executive committee of the Board of Regents said that that equipment was all that my predecessors had had for some few years back and none of them had ever complained, which was probably true. The University authorities had ruled that all freshmen and sophomores should take the course, which at that time consisted of two drills a week. The special students decided that they were not involved, and we began work in September with something like thirty-five sophomores and forty freshmen, the former appearing in an old blue sack coat and cap that looked as though they had been handed down from the days of Camp Randall in '61. We drilled in a big wooden shed on top of the hill, then a little northwest of the main building wherein were the president's office and various class and recitation rooms, and the one bright aspect of the picture was that the lads who reported for duty were as sturdy a lot as ever I saw. The sophomores, under Professor Conover, the previous year had obviously had a conscientious instructor, but had never had sharp or critical test of their drill. The freshmen, of course, had had no experience.

I invited all those who were really interested in the work to meet me every afternoon "after school," as they called it, to take a special course in the school of the soldier, and as many as thirty reported. How well I remember them, and how many have since won distinguished names

for themselves! Boardman, Kalk, John Kingston, Archie Church, Rollin B. Mallory were among the foremost. It was from this squad I hoped to make the future officers and non-commissioned officers of the battalion that was to be with the coming year.

But it did not take me long to ascertain that there were just about as many young men still in their first two years at the University and not doing military duty as there were who were attending drill. Numbers of them used to hang about the gymnasium, so-called, and patronizingly watch their classmates who had to drill. At last I was able to get a list of the first- and second-year students, and began a round-up. That tickled the lads who were honorably doing their duty, and started a sensation in the school. Such a thing had never been done before. It was obviously looked upon as an assumption of authority, not to say military despotism.

By this time it was early winter, and except for Professor Henry, with whom I had joined in September, and Professors Birge, Conover, Owen, and Parker, with whom I played whist, and a nodding acquaintance with Professor Irving, who was a distant connection, I had no friends among the faculty, some of whom had been instructors at the University when my father was one of its regents. At Columbia and at West Point when a new instructor joined the force the elders promptly called and bade him welcome. When Professor Watson died, early in the fall, Henry and I went together to the President's office to tender our services. He was out. So I wrote a courteous note, as the elder man of the two, and informed the President of our call and placed ourselves at his disposition for the funeral. The result was he invited Henry to ride with the faculty, but didn't notice the soldier at all, so the latter walked. Going to and fro each day I met others of the faculty, but only as strangers.

Now, however, they began to call, or to stop me on the street, to remonstrate, to request that I should not require such and such a student to attend drill. I had succeeded in convincing the President that the University owed it as a duty to the government, and several of the faculty and several of the students took it much to heart that he should have turned against them. But when "school opened" in January, something like fifty young men who had succeeded hitherto in evading drills, were now, much to the delight of the soldier boys, notified that they must hereafter attend and might even have to make up for lost time. There was still a loophole for their escape, however. "Able bodied" students only were enrolled, and on a sudden there appeared a shower of so-called surgeon's certificates. At least forty of the lads descended upon the President, or upon me, with all manner of country doctors' letters or remonstrances, declaring this or that young man a victim of some malady, generally heart trouble, that would surely unfit him for military duty and would as certainly bring about serious results if he were compelled to drill. And yet the lads themselves looked sturdy enough in all conscience. My suspicions were aroused. I wrote to the doctors, and in several cases received answers that they had given no certificates and knew no such lads; though their professional letterheads had been used, it was not their writing or signatures. In several cases it looked mightily as though the lads living in the same town had procured blank letterheads and written each other's certificates, signing with the name at the head of the slip. Two young men submitted letters from alleged physicians as to whom I made inquiry through the local postmaster, only to be assured that no physician of that name lived in or near that town.

I took these and some that I thought absolutely trivial to the President, and urged that we order the young men

to report for duty at once, and asked him if such proceedings on the part of the students were not punishable. He said, "possibly," but that I "must expect such things." That seemed to me trifling with the subject. The President held that he would be taking a fearful responsibility in disregarding those physicians' certificates. I pointed out that six or seven were not even physicians' certificates, and then he did come to the rescue. But there were some of the baseball men who had brought certificates that their hearts were weak and "the violent exercise of military drill would inevitably injure them." I took the President over to the edge of the diamond one spring afternoon and showed him one of our self-registered wrecks whose heart could not stand the violent exercise of the drill, running bases like a meteor and sliding to second like a human catapult. I pointed out the fact that that man was getting more violent exercise in five seconds than he would get in military drill in five weeks. "It may be so," said he, "but we cannot go behind a medical certificate." I own that after this episode I did feel for a while like quitting.

But by the time the spring was fairly on we found aid from an unexpected quarter. I had taught the special squad men the duty of greeting respectfully all officers and professors of the University, also the regents and the state authorities, whose offices were there in Madison, advising members of the battalion when in uniform to give the salute of an officer, and when in civilian dress to raise the hat or cap, just as we freshmen at Columbia were taught in our first interview with the dean. The squad men carried out the instructions to the letter. The members of the sophomore class who were unwillingly serving objected: "Suppose we haven't been introduced," said their spokesman. The reply to this was that they were receiving, almost free, a liberal education at the expense of the state, and it was one way in which they could express their appreciation. Some



of them saw the point and acted on it: others saw, but regarded it as an infraction of their rights as American citizens—a manifestation of subserviency. Three-fourths of their number, however, heeded the lesson, and also the suggestion that in their section rooms at recitation they should sit erect and scrupulously say “Sir” to their instructors.

The first men to comment on this conduct were our new governor, Jeremiah Rusk, and his predecessor, my old friend General Fairchild, just returned from his diplomatic service abroad. By that spring of '81 the men of the little battalion were in trim, well-cut, soldierly uniforms of dark blue, with natty forage caps made in New York. They looked better than they did in civilian dress, and carried themselves accordingly. “I have lived in Madison nearly all my life, and never have I seen anything like it before,” said General Fairchild. “They never saluted me when I was governor, and now they never pass me without it. It does me good to see it.” Then Governor Rusk had his say: “I tell you it makes me hold my head up and throw out my chest, and what’s more it tickles the other state officers, and they are all talking about it.” Then certain elderly professors who had passed me long months in silence stopped, held out their hands in a shy, embarrassed way, and said: “I have been here a good many years and never have I known such manifestation of respect, or such courtesy, in or out of the classroom, and I’m glad of a chance to say so.” This was just what Conover had predicted.

The regents, however, had not seen their way to paying that \$600 salary. They said the government compelled them to have this military instruction, and although I had discovered by that time that one-fifth of the total income of the University came from that Agricultural College fund, most of the regents felt no corresponding obligation on their part. Long years after, however, without a word from me

they sent me that money of their own accord. Two or three of their number began coming out in May, with the Governor and his adjutant general, to see the prize drills; even the President appeared, though what he heard on one memorable occasion made him gasp with amazement and disapprobation. General Fairchild brought with him to the first real review no less a personage than Gen. John Gibbon, who had commanded the Iron Brigade in its famous battle near Gainesville the twenty-eighth of August, '62, and Gibbon was much impressed with the absolute steadiness of the battalion, and quite ready to make a speech after the ceremony:

"I have been greatly pleased with your performance," he said, "especially the fine discipline. Discipline is a great thing. Discipline is like whisky. Some whisky is better than other whisky, and other kinds are better still, but it is all good—now, that's the way with discipline." The rest of that speech no one probably remembers, but that part of it the President never forgot—nor did I.

It was somewhere about this time that two comical things occurred. We had, of course, our conscientious objector—a tall, serious young man who, having tried various avenues of escape from the hated drills and found them unavailing, came to deliver himself up, as it were. "But," said he, "I have come to say that I consider it a positive insult on your part to compel me to drill." I told him very quietly to go to the President and tell him what he had told me. Two days passed, and then the young man appeared at my door. I met him pleasantly, invited him in, and with the view of putting him as quickly as possible out of what I mistakenly supposed to be his embarrassment, perhaps humiliation, held out my hand with a word of welcome to the fold, and of pleasure that he should have thought better of his words. "I haven't come to talk about that," was his uncompromising answer. "It was to hand you

this," and "this" proved to be a note from the President, saying that he was convinced that the young man was sincere in his profession of faith that anything connected with military training was a sin, and therefore he had decided to declare him exempt. Without another word, he turned and left.

Then I sat down and wrote my first letter to the President. It is unnecessary to repeat the words, but in forty-eight hours a written apology came from the student, and the incident might have been closed but for an announcement in the public press that the Signal Corps of the Army desired to enlist for military service a few young men of education, with a view to having them take a certain course of study and then be appointed observer sergeants—board, lodging, tuition absolutely free, abundant time for other study and exercise, and \$50 per month pay while undergoing instruction.

I thought there must be some mistake about it somewhere, but the conscientious objector obviously did not, for he promptly appeared with a letter from the President, asking me for a letter of recommendation for the bearer to the Chief Signal Officer of the Army. I took that letter to the President, and asked him if he had forgotten the young man's conscientious objections to any form of military service—and he had.

A most devout Christian, a profound metaphysician, a ripe scholar, and an untiring writer—a man whose influence for good over the student body was something remarkable—he was so deeply concerned with the better and higher things in life that he could not always keep track, so to speak, of the innumerable little matters of academic routine that in those days had to be referred to the president. He hated to be interrupted in his work, even during office hours. He would look up impatiently when professor or instructor entered to seek his decision on some point or other, would

give it, and in five minutes would forget the entire matter. I sometimes doubted whether he really heard us. He was about the last man in Madison who would be guilty of a lie, yet he would deny his own decisions on occasion, because his head was in the clouds and his thoughts on high and holy things perhaps, when suddenly called upon to say whether the sub-freshmen were to attend lecture or drill, or whether the sophomores might use Professor So-and-So's room for a class meeting.

He sent for me one day to say that a certain student complained of harsh treatment at my hands. I had had no trouble with the lad in question and told him so, but the Doctor said the youth was quite positive in his statement, and as president he must protest against my using violent language or methods to my charges, or anything like a display of temper. "It weakens one's influence with young men," and I thoroughly agreed with him and was quite unconscious of having been guilty of any lapse such as he described.<sup>3</sup> Just as luck would have it, at that very moment commotion and uproar arose in the corridor without, and drowned his words. A score of sophomores had come charging down the stairway and were having an impromptu riot. All on a sudden the Doctor sprang to his feet, rushed out into the hall, and in an instant had collared one of the ringleaders and, to my huge delight and that of his fellow students, banged the young gentleman's head half a dozen times against the wall, and then, flushed, remorseful, yet triumphant, returned to his seat, with, presently, "Er—what was it we were talking about?"

I couldn't resist the opportunity. "The supremacy, Mr. President, of the *suaviter in modo* over the *fortiter in re*."

For a moment the President gazed at me in bewilder-

<sup>3</sup> Somewhat later I learned the cause of my undeserved rebuke on this occasion. A student *had* complained of his treatment at the hands of "Professor King," and our good old President was unable to think of more than one "King" against whom the students could have reason to lodge a complaint. The instructor complained of was in fact another who bore the same name.—Author.

ment. Then the whimsicality of the thing dawned upon him and we had our first laugh together.

"I didn't know they taught Latin in the Army," he said presently.

"They don't, sir," was my answer, "and you must pardon my Columbia pronunciation."

"Why, were—have you—been at college? I thought—I—Well, you must excuse me."

But that discovery seemed to have enhanced my value in the Doctor's eyes. The secretaryship of the faculty had become vacant, and who should be nominated and elected but the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, hitherto a stranger to faculty meetings!

Now, it had happened that while a lad in my grandfather's household at Columbia College the secretary of the faculty became a victim to occasional attacks of gout and could not wield the pen. I wrote a very good hand, so the secretary, an elderly uncle, pressed me into service, and it resulted that many pages of the records of Columbia in '59 and '60 were my handiwork, and thereby I learned quite a lot about the business.

This experience now became valuable. The President had not the faintest use for or appreciation of military ability, but that I should have been secretary *de facto* of Columbia's faculty—for famous men they were—lifted me measurably in his estimation. As president and as secretary we were much together, yet differences over the military department would occasionally arise.

#### SERVICE WITH THE NATIONAL GUARD

Every Friday evening in 1881 I had been going in to Milwaukee to drill the Light Horse Squadron, and in the spring of 1882 began the long years of my association with the Wisconsin troops as their instructor and for many years their inspector. The first seven were under that

genial and redoubtable old war horse of a governor, Jeremiah M. Rusk, and there was a man it was a joy to serve with and study! For his adjutant general he had selected the first commander of the Lake City Guard, a company composed of the best young men in Madison. Both in the Knights Templar and the militia, Chapman speedily earned repute as a drillmaster, and it was this quality in him—the other of the two sixteen-year-old boys of the old Iron Brigade on the Potomac in '61—that drew us, twenty years later, into close comradeship. I speedily pointed out to him, and he to the Governor, that quite a number of the state companies were not drilling in accordance with Upton's *Infantry Tactics*, but some of them according to the Hardee-Casey methods of the Civil War, one or two by the so-called Zouave tactics, and one even by the system in vogue in Germany before the needle gun had been placed in the hands of the Prussian soldiery.

This was all contrary to the orders of the War Department, and I received orders to allow nothing but the authorized infantry tactics of the United States Army.

Nine out of ten of the captains cordially coöperated, but two or three stiff-necked German veterans "bucked" against it. One of them had quite a political backing in Milwaukee, and he showed fight. Following the method so successfully carried out at that time in the *Army & Navy Journal* in New York, and as the speediest and surest method of bringing about uniformity of instruction among the scattered companies, I published each week in the *Sunday Telegraph* a column or two of comments on the drills, and later the inspections, of the companies that successively were visited. These columns, clipped out and posted on the bulletin boards throughout the state armories, taught the entire Guard the good points to be followed and the errors to be avoided. It was welcomed by all the companies that were earnestly striving for excellence in drill, and highly

objectionable to the three or four German captains whose errors were flagrant, and a deputation of their friends in the legislature called on the Governor. "Why," said their spokesman, "at the inspection of the Turner Rifles he didn't give them a thing they could do!"—which was practically a fact, but it never occurred to the spokesman that this was all the captain's fault, not that of the inspector. However, the political friends of the aggrieved officers worried the Governor a bit, and he sent for me. "King," said he, "you'll have to go easy with that company; all but three of them are Republicans," which was the nearest approach to politics in Guard matters that I had yet encountered. The Milwaukee press about this time took a hand in the discussion, Uncle Billy Cramer, in the *Evening Wisconsin*, loyally backing the Republicans' view of that case, and declaring that Wisconsin had no room in its ranks for martinets, which brought about the discovery that the officer stigmatized as a martinet had simply carried out the orders of the Adjutant General, given with the full knowledge of the Governor. Then there came a lull in the firing.

Chapman organized the scattered companies into four-company battalions in '82, and then into regiments, and the regimental camp was held each year at the race track or fair grounds of some one of the larger towns in the regimental district, the troops moving thither by rail on a Sunday, drilling quite assiduously for three or four days; then came the Governor with a "glittering staff" (so described in the local journals)—three generals, and a dozen colonels in full-dress uniform. There was a review and parade in camp, and a march through the streets of the town. The crowning feature was the reception held by "Uncle Jerry" and staff to all the neighboring populace, in the big parlor or porch of the biggest hotel, and then the Governor was in his glory. He delighted in the people of Wisconsin and they in him. He always had two or three glib speakers in his train, and

when his health was proposed or an address made in his honor, he rose to the occasion, six feet four under his silk hat, beamed benevolently, bowed profoundly, thanked everybody in one comprehensive sentence, and then introduced Colonel Clough or Colonel Aldrich to speak for him.

Each spring I made the rounds of the state and the inspections required by the state laws, but in the fall and winter came the hard work, going from town to town to spend three days or so with each unit, coaching and drilling long hours at a time.

It was during the course of the spring instruction and inspection in 1886, that the mayor of Milwaukee pointed out to me that all the second-hand arms in the pawn shops had suddenly become marketable. In a week all were sold, and by inspection and inquiry among the local company commanders I ascertained that they had only three ball cartridges to the man. The mayor was frankly alarmed at the prospects. Grottkau and other agitators had been making inflammatory speeches to big crowds of foreign-born citizens. We had a German sheriff and a German chief-of-police, and it was confidently prophesied we were going to have trouble. I kept Chapman advised as to the conditions, and Chapman told the Governor, and asked for authority to send to the Rock Island arsenal for ammunition. The Governor said he would have no intimidation, and called us alarmists. Late in April, however, he came to Milwaukee for the four-day session of the Scottish Rite Masons, and before he could get away certain prominent citizens took him in hand and told him their apprehensions. He had conferences with the leading editors, among others, and then returned to Madison, sent for Chapman and, as Chapman later declared, wanted to know why in the suburbs, let us say, he and King hadn't kept him informed of conditions. Ammunition was telegraphed for at once, but Uncle Jerry wouldn't let it go direct to Milwaukee; it was



shipped to Madison, repacked in dry-goods boxes, with certain blankets, overcoats, and things of that description, and thus "camouflaged" came in a freight car to the old Reed Street Station, where I met it with Quartermaster-Sergeant Huntington and two or three old reliables of the "Light Horse," and in less than half an hour thereafter we had 31,000 rounds of ball cartridge in the vault of the newly-built armory on Broadway, and nobody the wiser.

We had no riot guns and cartridges in those days, deadly at less than two hundred yards, but warranted not to harm innocent spectators a block or two away. Such as it was, however, the death-dealing ammunition came only just in time. The big labor parade, so-called, with red flags galore, came off on May 1, and next day the men quit or were driven from work by armed mobs all over the shops in the Menomonee valley and elsewhere. By May 3 the city was in the hands of the rioters, and the Governor was summoned to town. He came; held a conference that night at the Plankinton with the sheriff and chief-of-police. Roswell Miller, general manager of the St. Paul Railway, was present, with his local superintendent, Mr. Collins, and told the Governor, "flatfooted," his shops had all been raided, his men dared not return to them unless given military protection, and he could not run his trains. It was the duty of the sheriff, under the circumstances, to turn the situation over to the Governor; but the sheriff still clung to the fatuous belief, and the mayor seemed to side with him, that he could persuade the mobs to disperse. Therefore, they would not ask the Governor for troops, and the meeting broke up at midnight.

But by early morning the calls for protection swamped both sheriff and police, and after one meeting with the mob the sheriff came posthaste to the Governor, and within an hour thereafter the riot alarm was sounding in every fire-bell tower, the local troops were promptly assembling, and

Chapman was wiring as far west as Darlington for the companies of the First Infantry. By noon the Fourth Battalion, a local organization, was sent by rail to the rolling mills at Bay View, then threatened by a big crowd. The first companies to arrive from out of town were stationed in the old Allis works; one company of Polish troops, inexperienced and badly led, was subjected at Bay View to ludicrous indignities at the hands of the south-side rioters, but the big plants were saved.

That night all over town the proletariat held fiery meetings and were addressed by "red" orators, who urged them to go to the rolling mills in force and throw the soldiers into the lake. The Governor made his headquarters at the armory, kept in telephone touch with the major commanding at that point, and sent as reinforcements two American companies from Janesville. The rioters set fire to freight cars and the big fence around the works, and the night was full of rumors, but nobody was hurt, until in broad daylight, with banners floating and with vast enthusiasm, the south-side mob swept down the causeway leading straight to the main entrance to the mills. The major telephoned to the Governor, and I was standing by him as he gave the order. The old war horse said, "Fire on them!" and one volley from three of the companies was all-sufficient. The mob was still nearly two hundred yards off, and flattened out at the crash of the rifles as though a hundred were hit, but only six were really punctured. Pierced by three bullets, the standard bearer fell, but lived. Struck by a single bullet, a law-abiding citizen, feeding chickens in his back yard nearly a mile away, dropped dead.

Then the scene of action shifted to the Milwaukee Garden, at the northwest side, and there a huge crowd, mainly Germans, defied police and sheriff, who endeavored to disperse them. These officials appealed for help. The Governor ordered me to take the Light Horse and the two com-

panies of infantry that were available, all we had, and end the business. We never had to pull a trigger. The troops were placed where their volleys could sweep the adjacent streets and, thus heartened, the police were sent in to arrest all ring-leaders and turbulent rioters. We loaded up three or four wagons full, and in a hollow square of soldiery trundled them off to jail, and so ended the Milwaukee riots of 1886.

And then and there began, most deservedly, the boom for Uncle Jerry's third and triumphant term as governor. He was in the heyday of his fame and reputation when he went with his state officials, his military staff, and his Grand Army attendants to the funeral of General Grant in New York City, probably the greatest pageant of the kind the metropolis had ever seen. Everybody had heard of the Wisconsin governor who had "knocked the backbone out of anarchy with a single volley," for all the world like Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot," and even on so solemn an occasion, the dense crowds in places showed a disposition to applaud him.

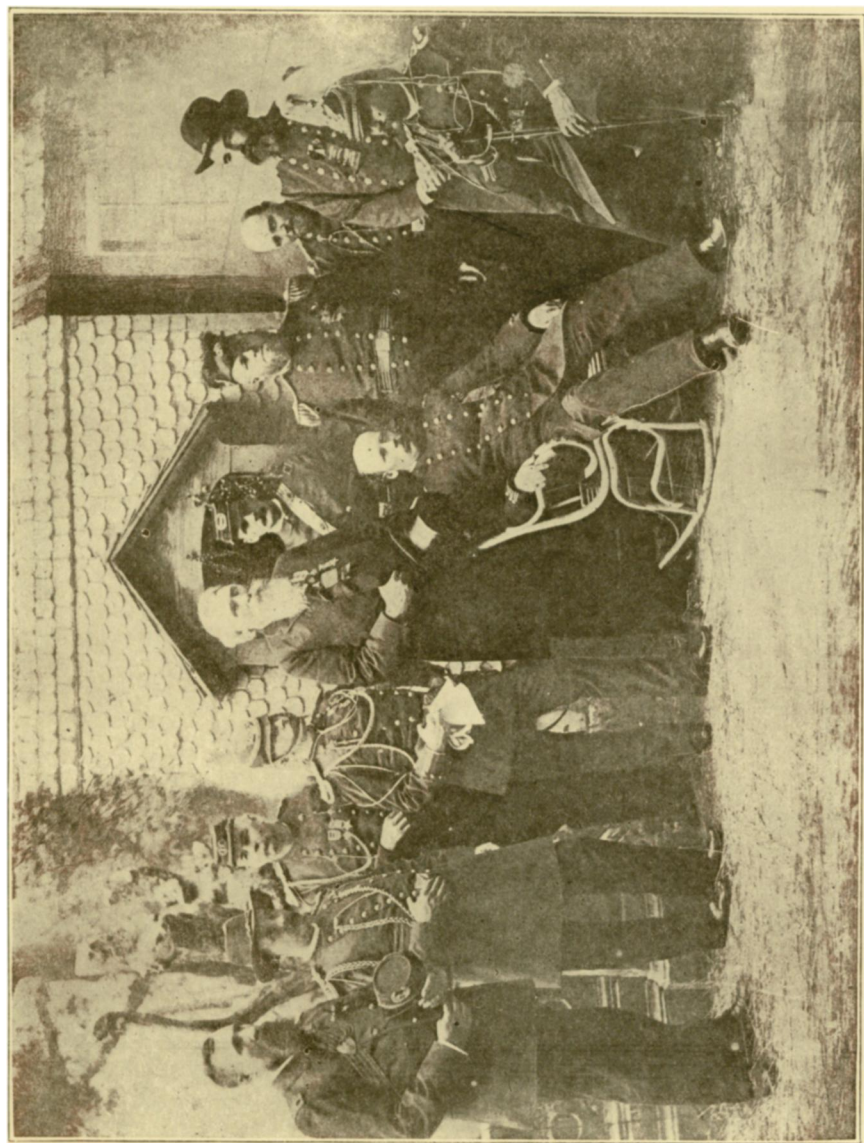
The orders of the grand marshal, General Hancock, were that the thousand carriages of the dignitaries taking part in the parade, the senators, the representatives, the governors and their staffs and state officers, the Supreme Court justices, and hundreds of other notables should move four abreast up Fifth Avenue. When it finally came our turn (I was seated beside the Governor as his chief-of-staff, Chapman being unable to leave Madison) and we turned into Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street northward, the scene up to the crest of Murray Hill was something I shall never forget. The windows were filled and the sidewalks packed with spectators, while four parallel columns of black carriages moved slowly up the driveway. Directly in front of us were the carriages of the governor, the state officers and staff, and state legislature of Iowa, and only

three carriages were in their rearmost row. Then came, in the middle of the street and full ten paces behind that rearmost rank, the carriage of our leonine executive, his diminutive chief-of-staff on his left, his surgeon-general and his senior aide-de-camp facing us. Six paces behind us came the first row of four carriages, the state officials and four aides in the foremost rank. Directly opposite Madison Square an assistant marshal rode up and ordered our driver to whip up and take the vacant place in the rear rank of the Iowa legislature. In an instant Uncle Jerry towered to his full height. "Stay where you are!" he thundered to the driver, who was preparing meekly to obey.

"Those are General Hancock's orders, sir," pleaded the marshal.

"Tell General Hancock he has no power to order the governor of Wisconsin to ride as part of the legislature of Iowa, and that he refuses to do so!" roared Uncle Jerry. The marshal saluted and withdrew. A block farther on, the same thing was repeated. Three blocks farther, also, but never once would Uncle Jerry yield. The order, of course, was a mistake and never was intended to apply to governors.

After seven memorable years as head of the state, Uncle Jerry gave way to another war-tried veteran, William Dempster Hoard of Fort Atkinson, who chose George W. Burchard to be his adjutant general, but continued me as inspector and instructor, with even wider scope than before. By this time a little tract had been cleared at Camp Douglas for a rifle range, and presently a regimental camp ground was staked out, and the Third Infantry, under the command of Colonel Moore, were the first troops to occupy it. Lieut. Philip Reade of the Third Regulars, an expert in his line, had become instructor in rifle practice and did remarkable work. It took two or three years to persuade the First and Second regiments that better results would



GOVERNOR RUSK'S STAFF AT THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT

follow their camping at Douglas than at some favored town in the regimental district, but by the time George W. Peck, still another Civil War man, became governor all the state troops were camping at the reservation, one battalion succeeding another. In this Democratic era I was transferred from staff to line duty, and placed in command of the Fourth Infantry, a Milwaukee battalion; but in 1892 I was additionally employed as commandant of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, and in '93 was able to try out a long-cherished plan and take my household to Europe.

#### LITERARY LABORS

For by that time I had begun to earn quite a little money with my pen. It has always been my habit to keep a diary, especially when on campaign. While with General Emory in Louisiana, I wrote a Ku-Klux story of adventure in the South in the reconstruction days, sent it to the Harpers in New York, and received it back in three weeks with the stereotyped letter saying it was not available. It was pitched into a trunk and never again came under editorial notice until the early spring of '79, when Col. George A. Woodward, formerly sergeant-major of the old Milwaukee Light Guard, was editing *The United Service*, a Philadelphia magazine. He and his associates thought well enough of the story to say they would publish and push it in book form if I could put up four hundred dollars to cover certain expenses. I had just been placed on the retired list for "wounds received in line of duty," and said I couldn't put up four hundred cents. So again that story slumbered. But I wrote some short sketches for the magazine that found favor, and in 1880 had told, for the columns of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the story of the Sioux campaign of 1876. These weekly numbers were later issued by the *Sentinel* in pamphlet form, under the title *Campaigning with Crook*.<sup>4</sup> It actually sold, and the five hundred copies were gone in less than a year.

<sup>4</sup> Maj. Gen. George Crook, famous Indian fighter.—Editor.

Then Woodward asked me to write a serial story of army life for *The United Service*, to run along with one of the navy prepared for them by a distinguished admiral, and all through '81 and '82 my serial ran, coming out in book form with the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, early in 1883, under the title *The Colonel's Daughter*. From that time for thirty years my pen was seldom idle, and in the course of those thirty years some sixty books and two hundred and fifty short stories were the result. In 1885 or '86 the Harpers wrote asking for a story for their magazine, got *A War Time Wooing*, found that it sold beyond their expectation, sent me a check beyond my expectation, and asked for another of double the length. For them I wrote *Between the Lines*, a story of the Army of the Potomac, which for long years outsold any others of mine, although Lippincott was bringing out a book a year for me (including that Ku-Klux story that nobody had wanted in '79); then it was that Harry Harper said to me, on the occasion of a visit to the old house at Franklin Square, "How did it happen you fell in the hands of that Quaker concern in Philadelphia, when you could just as well have come to us?" Then I told him the tale of my first essay, and how quickly they had returned it.

In 1893 there sprang into being in New York an association of writers that believed it possible to earn more money than was paid by the publishers. I had no fault to find with the prices given me for my wares, and indeed thought far more of military duties in Wisconsin that brought no reward in cash, save when some company that I had coached for competitive drills outside the state appropriated some of their prize money for the benefit of their instructor. The Michigan Military Academy, of course, paid well for services that took me away from home and required all my time. The Authors' Guild urged my joining it, just on the eve of my going to Europe with the wife and children three.

They promised higher prices for my short stories than even Harper, Lippincott, or the syndicates were paying, so I agreed to send them two or three from Switzerland during the fall and winter, and did so.

But on the way up the Rhine we received the distressing news that among a lot of banks to go under in the financial crash of that summer was the one in which my little hoard was placed. A month later, on the banks of Lake Geneva, came a cable from home telling us of the destruction by fire of my books, papers, and most cherished possessions in what had been alleged to be a fireproof warehouse. A month later still, the good wife slipped and fell on the parquet floor of my sister's home near Lausanne; a bone was split longitudinally, and the services of an expert surgeon were long in demand. The trip to Italy had to be abandoned, but the children had been placed in school, the family were delightfully housed for the winter at beautiful old Beau Rivage at Ouchy, so in March I came home to "mend fences."

The first visit in New York was to the office of the Authors' Guild, where I had met a congenial party in June, but only empty desks and chairs were left to represent it. They had discovered that the publishers knew far more about business than the writers, and had incontinently quit.

In April I was back in Milwaukee, writing day and night, and had I had two heads and six pairs of hands I could not then have accepted the chances given me. In the year that followed my return I wrote three or four long and I don't know how many short stories.

Then the fourth of the Wisconsin war veterans, William H. Upham, was elected governor, and he recalled me to active duty with the Guard as adjutant general.

Three years later came the war with Spain. Wisconsin was required to furnish three regiments at once, and the First, Second, and Third Infantry were promptly mobilized. Two weeks later, on the President's list of brigadier generals of volunteers appeared the names of two of the old "King's Corner crowd," Arthur MacArthur and myself.

*(To be continued)*